

**GATHER YE 'ROUND, READERS! YOU'RE GOING TO MEET SOMEBODY NEW, SOMEBODY AMAZING--- BY NAME MAGICAL MOE! AND YOU'RE GOING TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN M.M. MEETS UP WITH THE FIGHTING FAT FURY---IN THE DEADLIEST DUEL EVER SEEN IN THE PAST FIVE MINUTES! GET SET FOR---**

# The FAT FURY <sup>is</sup>

**"JUST LIKE MAGIC!"**



STORY: OSHEA ART: WHITNEY

UH-UH. WHEN YOU GET THAT EXPRESSION ON YOUR FACE, I KNOW WHAT'S COMING NEXT.

IT'S THAT SON OF OURS, HERBIE! A LITTLE FAT NOTHING! NEVER DID ANYTHING AND NEVER WILL, BY GEORGE!

BUT WHAT DAD DIDN'T KNOW WAS TAKING PLACE AT THAT VERY MOMENT. FROM THE ROOM ABOVE---

AWAY! AWAY-YYY!

FAT FURY ON REGULAR PATROL. SEE THAT ALL GOES WELL WITH WORLD.



HERBIE, published monthly February, March, August, September. Published bi-monthly April-May, June-July, October-November, December-January. © 1966 by Best Syndicated Features, Inc., Second & Dickey Streets, Sparks, Illinois 60586. All rights reserved under International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Editorial offices, 331 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Richard E. Hughes, Editor, Frederick H. Iger, Business Manager. Subscription (12 issues), \$1.44, single copies, \$0.12, foreign postage extra. All characters are fictitious and use of any real names is coincidental. For advertising information, address American Comics Group, Inc., 331 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Application for Second Class entry pending at the Post Office at Sparks, Ill. Printed in U.S.A. No. 22, Dec-Jan, 1966.

OH-OH! BELOW WAS HIS FIRST EARTH-SHAKING  
JOB FOR THE DAY--

WAH-HHHH!!



WAH-HH  
---GLUB!!



???



!!



NOW LET'S LOOK IN ON A DIFFERENT KIND  
OF EMERGENCY--

HAND OVER ALL  
THE DOUGH IN THE  
JOINT, AND MAKE  
IT FAST!



MAKE WAY  
FOR FAT  
FURY.

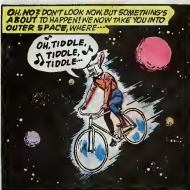


FAT FURY,  
HUH? WELL,  
TRY THIS!



UNDIGNIFIED.





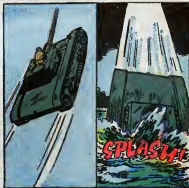
**FLASH!** AUTHORITIES ARE AT A LOSS TO EXPLAIN THE STRANGE CHARACTER WHO CALLS HIMSELF **MAGICAL MOE** AND SEEMS TO HAVE LANDED OUT OF SPACE ITSELF! ATTEMPTS TO ARREST HIM HAVE BEEN THWARTED BY A STRANGE MAGICAL POWER--BUT NOW AN ARMY DETACHMENT HAS BEEN DISPATCHED WITH ORDERS TO **SEIZE HIM!**



OH, TIDDLE, TIDDLE, TIDDLE...  
THERE HE IS NOW!



WE'RE TOO STRONG FOR YOU, MAGICAL MOE--AND WE'RE NOT GOING BACK UNTIL THERE'S A **SURRENDER, SEET**



LIKE I SAID--W-W-WE'RE NOT GOING BACK UNTIL THERE'S A SURRENDER. SO... **WE SURRENDER!**



**THAT'S WHY MAGICAL MOE WAS INTERVIEWED BY A CONFERENCE OF WORLD LEADERS--**

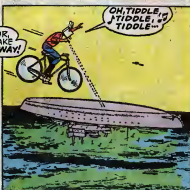
BUT WHAT DO YOU WANT? WHY ARE YOU DOING ALL THIS?

YEAH, WHAT'S BEHIND IT?

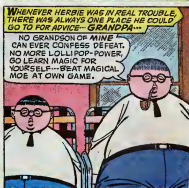
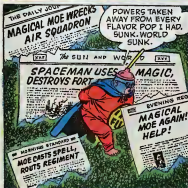
SIMPLE, GENTLEMEN. I'VE BEEN SENT DOWN HERE BY THE PLANET **BIBBLERDORFER** TO SECURE EARTH'S SURRENDER--SO WE CAN TAKE OVER!

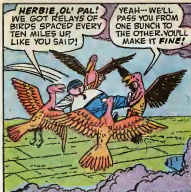


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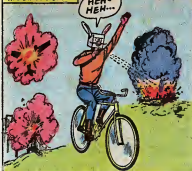








MEANWHILE, MAGICAL MOE WAS STILL AT HIS DIRTY WORK...



HE'S UP THERE... FIRST OPPORTUNITY TRY OUT MY NEW MAGIC.

ALLEGA-POOP. SEND PLANE TO ATTACK HIM.



OH-OH! HE'D GOTTEN ONLY 50% IN HIS FINAL EXAMS... FOR WHICH HE'D BEEN AWARDED HALF A MAGIC WAND! SO LOOK AT WHAT HIS MAGIC PRODUCED!



ULP... WHO CAN FLY HALF A PLANE? NOT A HALF-PILOT, ANYWAY!

TCH, TCH. SOMETHING WRONG. TRY AGAIN.

WANT BIG CANNON. ALLEGA-POOP.



GET IT NOW. JUST HALF OF A MAGICIAN.



YOU AGAIN... AND STILL TRYING! WON'T YOU EVER LEARN, FAT STUFF? NOW HERE'S THE WAY IT SHOULD BE DONE!



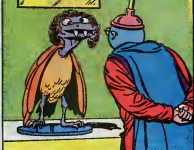
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MAGIC NO GOOD---NOT  
NO POWERS---CAN'T STOP  
MAGICAL MOE. NOTHING  
LEFT TO SAVE WORLD  
NOW---SO MIGHT  
AS WELL DROP  
IN AT MUSEUM.

ANCIENT  
ASSYRIAN  
MUSEUM



ANCIENT ASSYRIAN  
GOOFUS BIRD



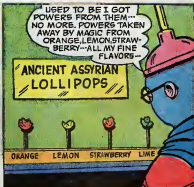
UGLY.



ANCIENT  
ASSYRIAN  
WARRIOR

USED TO BE I GOT  
POWERS FROM THEM---  
NO MORE. POWERS TAKEN  
AWAY BY MAGIC FROM  
ORANGE, LEMON, STRAW-  
BERRY---ALL MY FINE  
FLAVORS---

ANCIENT ASSYRIAN  
LOLLIPOPS



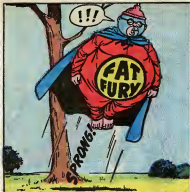
GULP---HARD-TO-GET  
CINNAMON. ONE FLAVOR  
MAGICAL MOE NEVER  
STRIPPED OF POWERS---  
SO HARD TO GET HE  
DIDN'T HAVE A SAMPLE  
TO CAST SPELL ON.

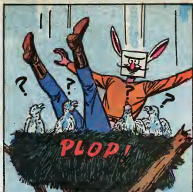


BRING  
BACK  
THAT  
LOLLIPOP!

WHOLE  
WORLD ABOUT  
TO BE LOST, HE  
WORRIES ABOUT  
LOLLIPOP---







**WRONG!** YOU SEE... THERE'S A HUGE INVASION FLEET FROM THE PLANET BIBLEDORFER HOVERING AT THE EDGE OF SPACE, READY TO STRIKE WHENEVER I ORDER IT!



HELLO... INVASION FLEET? MAGICAL MOE HERE. COME IN, FLEET... WITH BOMBS BLAZING!



WE READ YOU, MOE OL' BOY! INVASION NOW STARTING!



**ALLEGA-POOP** ON THOSE REINFORCEMENTS.



**ALLEGA-POOP!**







# HERE'S HERBIE!



## EXTRA! EXTRA!

You're crazy like a fruitcake if you don't rush to your newsstand about the middle of December and purchase "Herbie" No. 23, our February issue. Featuring the one-and-only Plump Lump in "Can You Bear It?" What if you do die laughing? You know a better way to go?

Hope you like me as great magician in "Just Like Magic", this issue. *Allega-poop* to you and don't answer back. Hate people who answer back. Button lip and concentrate on laughing. Laugh at "Just Like Magic". Roar at "Almost A King". Otherwise, will lose temper and bop with tough lollipop. Further, will doahle-bop with very tough lollipop unless receive your letter telling me what you thought of stories in this issue. Address letter to "Herbie", 331 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. Would not advise dialiking stories. Leads to fearful mess, involving blood and groans. Okay? Then read letters below. At once.

"Dear Herbie:-

Finally one of us fat little nothing, lollipop-bopping people has gotten his own first class magazine! At 21, I thought I would never read another comic . . . but then I found this first-class magazine. So all fat pepols unite behind our leader—the smart, brave, fat Herbie! Long may his fat wave!

—Ray L. Simpson,

575 E. California, Pasadena, Calif. 91106."

*Deserved my own magazine. Not first-class, though. Super first-class. Glad to welcome you into great Fat-Fat-Water-Rat movement. Sweeping nation. Can assure you fat will wave long, but one small warning. Just don't stand in way, Ray.*

• • •

"Dear Fat-Fat-Water-Rat Herbie:-

I've been a fan of yours for a long time, but I am disappointed. How come you can be fat and I can't? Just look at all the famous heroes . . . Santa Claus, Nero, the Fat Fury, alias Herbie Poppecker! If you are really generous, you'd send me one of those there lollipops—the fat-producing kind! P.S.: I heard that for \$144, you could get a subscription, Herbie. How long does this last, anyway?

—Tom Williams,

9112 S. Cord Ave., Downey, Calif."

*Must be fit to be fat . . . honor reserved for very fittest, who become very fattest, like me. Work on this, Tom . . . will forward special lollipop when can prove have earned. \$144 will produce 13 issues of this great magazine, covering year and half.*

• • •

"Fatman Herbie:-

We are some of your fat admirers. We think you are a big fat slosh and a lollipop belly. We also think that when you are eating your lollipops, it looks like you are smoking a cigar. All of us think you are a little fat chunk and very adorable. We want more Herbie magazines soon!

—Mississippi Hoboes,

Route 1, Sauk Rapids, Minn. 56379."

*How come Mississippi Hoboes in Minnesota? How fat are you? Am not little fat chunk . . . am big fat chunk. Like you say, very adorable. Completely adorable. Sometimes am completely fascinated by me.*

• • •

"Dear Herbie:-

I've read everyone of your comics. I think they are the greatest, as well as stupendous and colossal. I like them so much I named my cat after you . . . he's so fat he can hardly hudge. Why doesn't Shane O'Shea invent a lollipop that will take you to the future? Why don't you tell your dad that you're fat, but not a nothing? P.S.: Please don't bop me with your lollipop!

—Phyllis Leach,

1792 Boston Ave., Bridgeport, Conn."

*Nice girl, Phyllis. Knows what's good. Got nice cat, too, with nice name . . . "Herbie". Only thing keeps O'Shea from inventing future lollipop is stupidity. Shane, Shane, he's got no brain. Will tell father am not a nothing, but what good? He'll never believe it.*

• • •

"Dear Herbie (alias Fatso):

I have seen the (fat) light. I have only three



issues of 'Herbie', but I won't ask you for the ones I've missed, because I know you won't want to spoil us skinny good-for-nothings. You're so good to us already! After all, only kicking out half our teeth—now who could call that mean? By the way, if you can count, how many inches (or should I say miles?) across are you?

—Janice Holm, 4219 Washburn Ave. N.,  
Minneapolis, Minn. 55412."

*You skinny, Janice? Teh, teh. Too bad. But not everyone can be fine fat fellows like me. Can count very well . . . but just haven't got enough numbers to measure inches across. However, feel very kindly towards you . . . may only kick out one quarter of teeth.*

Dear Herbie:-

One thing bugs me and that is why don't you take a No. 403-W lollipop that would change you into Mr. Amorica and make you beautiful instead of ugly and fat—like you did to John Alden in the story 'Popnecker The Pilgrim'? About your comic books—they're great! The artwork and plots are great too! A 'Herbie' lover—

—Leo Zanotti,  
148 Franklin St., Feeding Hills, Mass."

*Don't need anything to make me beautiful, Leo—am already. Could take ugly lollipop and still win beauty prize. By the way, intend to drop in on you shortly. Please practice groans, high-pitched screams and bleeding.*

Dear Herbie:-

I've been reading your comics for 3 years. I haven't read a funnier comic book than yours. Would you please tell me where you get all your lollipops so I can become strong and handsome like you? Some people say that you are a 'Little Fat Nothing'. Well, I think you are a 'Little Fat Something'!

—David Biggs,  
677 Wingate Dr., Sunnyvale, Calif. 94086."

*Is no funnier comic than "Herbie", David. America lucky to have it, always say. Obtain my lollipops from special plant up in "Unknown". Am grateful for recognition as "Little Fat Something" . . . so grateful could tear you to pieces from love and probably will.*

Dear Herbie:-

Let me give you a little advice. Being a fat person means a short life, so why don't you try to lose that big pot gut of yours? I read in a

doctors' annual that for every inch a person's waist exceeds his chest, it takes two years off his life expectancy. From the looks of you, Herbie Popnecker, I doubt that you've got a year left. Oh, you're a great guy and I like your comic, which is the reason I give you the above advice. I want to be able to read 'Herbie' when I'm an old man of 90. I don't wish to make fun of you, my little fat friend, but you are so fat that I doubt that you can even lift a finger to wallop me with your lollipop!

—Jim McCarty, Box 713,  
Aztec Highway, Aztec, N.M."

*Dear Jim McCarty, wish to give you a little advice. Being Jim McCarty means very, very short life if criticize all my lovely fat. Such fine suit . . . must be jealousy on your part. Jealous because I own land by the yard. Well, hear this. Have checked with authorities up in "Unknown". Was told that am not scheduled to depart earthly life until year 2483, because am too fat to be admitted to either Heaven or Hades until then, when enlargements will have been made. To all you skinny people—HA!*

Dear Herbie:-

I think you should answer our letters better. Because you don't tell us anything. Especially in number 17, when one of your fans wrote in and asked how come everyone knows you in distant places, like up in the stars. You answered "Why not"? I think that was a very silly answer!

—Kimberly Keane,  
8375 St. Fey Rd., Quebec, Canada."

Why?

Dear Herbie (Fat Furg) Popnecker:-

My little brother and I are two of your greatest fans. We think you're colossal, fat, stupendous, fat and the greatest! We made up a song to cheer you up . . . it was suggested by a commercial on television. Here goes: Fat Up—with the tall fat taste of Herbie's Lollipop! The Tall Fat Taste That's Never Been Topped helps turn the thin ones into the Fat Ones! 40, 50, 60 inches—Fat Up! With the Tall Fat Taste of Herbie's Lo-H-pop! They're Pops that you can really suck, Pops that you can really buck. That American, Fat American Herbie, is tops . . . Fat Up!

Harold and Philip Mirwald,  
1004 West Main, Visalia, Calif."

*Very fine song, Harold and Philip. For another song, composed by yours truly, try this: "Herbie, Herbie . . . Yeah, That's My Herbie!"*

OF COURSE YOU LOVE OUR PLUMP LUMP...UNLESS YOU REALLY LIKE FRACTURES AND BLOOD TRANSFUSIONS. OKAY, THEN...YOU'LL LOVE THIS STORY, HEART AND YOU'LL LAUGH YOUR HEAD OFF AT

**HERBIE** *in* **ALMOST  
a  
KING!**



STORY: ONE HORSE O'SHEA  
ART: JITNEY McWHITNEY

IT WAS A DAY  
LIKE ANY  
OTHER DAY.  
THE SUN  
CAME UP...



THE BIRDS  
SANG...



**YES, A DAY LIKE ANY OTHER--**



BUT IT WASN'T LIKE THAT  
ALL OVER THE WORLD! IN  
EUROPE FOR INSTANCE---

**RURITANIA LIES  
STRAIGHT AHEAD,  
AND SOON IT WILL  
BE OURS!**



(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

**AN INVASION ARMY, LED BY 3 INTERNATIONAL VILLAINS! NOODLEMAN...THE SQUARE-HEAD...AND THE SHEIK!**

WE SWEEP  
RIGHT IN, HUNT!  
HEH-HEH!

THAT'S NOT  
HOW IT'S DONE,  
SQUAREHEAD. FIRST  
WE HAVE A SERIES  
OF CONFERENCES  
WITH THE QUEEN...  
AND DELIVER AN  
ULTIMATUM!



**THE NEWS WASN'T LONG IN REACHING AMERICA...**

A WAR IN Ruritania  
COULD TOUGH OFF ALL  
EUROPE! AND THERE'S  
NOTHING WE CAN DO,  
BECAUSE WE'RE INVOLVED  
IN VIET NAM! RIGHT,  
PRESIDENT  
JOHNSON?

RIGHT, VICE  
PRESIDENT  
HUMPHREY! WE  
BEEN ASKED TO  
SEND AN ARMY,  
BUT INSTEAD  
WE'LL SEND  
--HERBIE!



THEY'RE SHORT-  
HANDED IN  
WASHINGTON  
AND ASKED ME  
TO DROP DOWN  
AND SEE YOU,  
HERBIE.

ALWAYS  
GLAD SEE  
BENJAMIN  
FRANKLIN.  
WHAT'S  
TROUBLE?



...AND THE INVADERS MAY  
ATTACK RURITANIA AT ANY  
MINUTE. AT FIRST, WASHINGTON  
WAS GOING TO SEND A FLAT  
TOF BUT THEN THEY DECIDED  
TO SEND A PAT TOP.

ON MY  
WAY, GO FLY  
KITE AND DISCOVER  
ELECTRICITY.



WILL BE PRACTICAL.  
FIRST TRY TO GET HELP  
FROM ENGLAND,  
FRANCE.



WELL GEE,  
HONEST  
HOBBIE, WE'D  
LIKE TO HELP  
YA, BUT YA  
KNOW HOW  
IT IS...

THAT'S RIGHT, CHUM. WE NEED  
THE SOLDIERS FOR THE  
CHANGING OF THE GUARD  
AND ALL THAT.

WILL GEE  
DE GAULLE  
THEN.

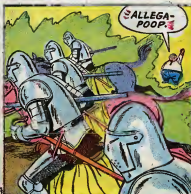
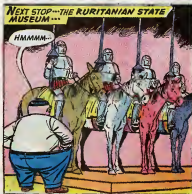
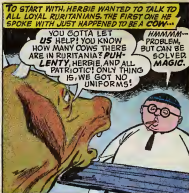


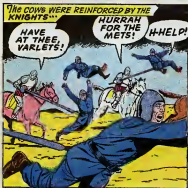
AH, MISSED 'ERBIE,  
IF IT WERE JUST FOR  
YOU, IT WOULD BE A  
PLEASURE! BUT YOU  
KNOW HOW IT IS... I  
HATE EVERYBODY  
ELSE!

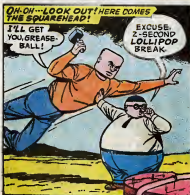
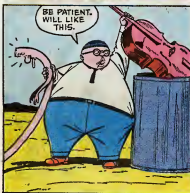
SEE HAVE  
TO DO IT  
MYSELF.











HA! IT'S STILL  
SQUARE! GUESS  
I SHOWED  
HIM!



HO-HO!  
I'M STILL  
GOOD OL'  
SQUAREHEAD!



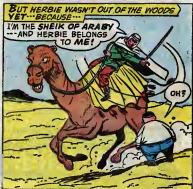
12:15...AND CALL  
ME ROUNDHEAD!



W  
H  
A  
M  
!

BUT HERBIE WASN'T OUT OF THE WOODS  
YET...BECAUSE...

I'M THE SHEIK OF ARABY  
---AND HERBIE BELONGS  
TO ME!



HEY, SHEIK  
---L-LOOK!  
WE GOT US A  
PASSENGER!



HA! WATCH  
HIM LOSE  
HIS HEAD!

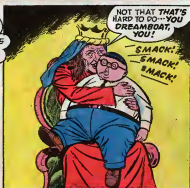


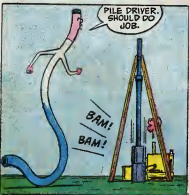
O-DON'T!  
HEE-HEE-  
HEE...

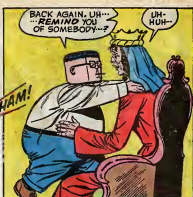
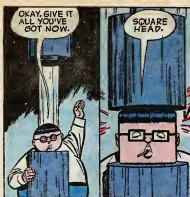
TICKLE-  
TICKLE.

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**LAUGHS! SCIENCE! FUN! GAGS! GAMES! MYSTERY! SURPRISES!**



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\$1.00



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NO 22  
DEC.-JAN.

MAKE WAY FOR *the* FAT FURY...

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY

IND.



# HERBIE

12¢

**ALL-HOWL ISSUE!**  
The FAT FURY in 'JUST LIKE  
MAGIC!'...and ALLEGA-POOP  
to YOU!

ALLEGA-POOP!

